

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS are the source of much trouble and pain to truly good newspaper owners and writers, as well as the persons written about. The *Globe* seems to be positively afflicted with them. Not long ago, for instance, a *Globe* reporter stated that a certain city firm had done the plumbing at the New Public Library. The next day the typographical error had to be corrected by saying, that it was another firm altogether who did this job. Shortly afterwards the same paper described a speaker on the Esplanade question as referring to the possibility of drunken and uncivil persons being employed as guardians at the entrances to the wharves. Next issue explained this typographical error by the announcement that the speaker had not employed the term "drunken." Again the *Globe* report of Mr. Anglin's St. Patrick's Day oration made that gentleman declare that "we didn't want Anglo-Saxons" in Canada. Of course the editor cheerfully gave place to a paragraph correcting this typographical error—"Anglo-Saxons" being a misprint for "distinctively Anglo-Saxon polity." I can understand how typographical errors such as this creep up in the newspapers now and then. But it is queer that "the largest circulation" Journal should enjoy such a monopoly of them.

THE proposition before the House of Commons to provide better banking facilities for the farmers has not been made one moment too soon. Everybody who has given the condition of the Canadian farmer anything like a fair study must have been struck with his lamentable position in respect of banking facilities. Who that has wasted his substance in riotous Thanksgiving Day turkey or suicidal spring produce, but has felt inclined to weep in confession on the neck of the wretched farmer man, set nearly crazy through anxiety about an over-strained pocket-book? What man that has contracted for cordwood at top-notch figures with a guileless son of the soil, who confidently but erroneously predicted an open winter, and has not experienced a pang at the exhausting effort it cost the farmer to comfortably conceal his money about his person on settling-up day? And yet this anxiety and this effort were but the forerunners of untold grief and perplexity ahead. The banks were closed to him when his jaded team drove into town with a load of coin, and when he persisted in an attempt to shove his bags of treasure in through the window, a big man armed with a club climbed out and chased him far into the suburbs. He had no recourse but the already over-taxed old stocking, with crowded samples of which his cellar was even then completely full. And so it goes on, with no bill balm from the Legislative Gilead! Yes, let none give the farmer man relief. Too long has the cry gone up from him all unheeded—"Banks! banks!"—with a big B.—The lucre truly is plenty but the Savings Banks are few!"

At Barrie the other day Mr. Justice Armour explained that one good purpose at least which the Grand Jury served was that of a popular educator. The Grand Jurors, ho pointed out, were representative men from all parts of a country who met together on stated occasions at the county town and had an opportunity to interchange ideas on the country's affairs besides gaining an acquaintance with judicial procedure and acquiring a knowledge generally of men and things in the outside world which they never could hope to obtain while confining themselves strictly to the peaceful pursuits of the farm. All the valuable information thus secured the Grand Jurors went home and disseminated amongst their neighbors at favorable intervals of leisure, not devoted to the entertainment of sewing machine agents and tree peddlars. I was talking to one of these very Grand Jurors the

other day after his Lordship's feeling remarks, and this Able Disseminator of Useful Knowledge suddenly dropped the subject of conversation and said to me:—"Oh, look ahere! I meant to ast you afore—what's the name of the Judge up at the Court. Not a dang one of us Jury fellars in the room to-day knowed who he was, d'ye believe it?" I didn't say right to him that I cheerfully and unhesitatingly believed it. But I have a shrewd idea that a dim suspicion to that effect was haunting him as I conveyed the desired information. Mr. Justice Armour may be right in his "popular educator" idea; but he seems to need a few plainly printed business cards to nicely back it up, as it were.

MOWAT'S WICKEDNESS.

DEAR GRIP,—I saw in the papers last night that Mowat and Frasier excused themselves for acting as pawnbrokers and second-hand furniture dealers with regard to young Mercer's affairs, by insinuating that he was a man of loose habits and general bad character.

Now if any further proof were wanting as to the worthlessness and imbecility of the Mowat Government, surely this will suffice. Year after year we see that large grants of money have been made to the Mercer Reformatory; and now we see these shameless and abandoned men come boldly out and say that his character is still so bad that they have to keep his chairs and tables locked up in the attic of the Parliament Buildings, and that they can't trust him with his gold watch. How much longer will the people of Ontario submit to be ruled by such a worthless and shameless set of traitors; men who take the people's money on such false pretences as I have mentioned, and then came boldly forward and state that they have done no good with it.

After all what could be expected of men who would have the face to oppose Sir John?

I was telling Bill Smith about this down at Sligsby's wood-bee yesterday, and Bill got mad and said I was a fool; but that's always the way with these "Grits,"—whenever one gets 'em cornered up they get mad, and go to work and shute a fellow.

I remain, &c.,
SOLOMON SLOCUM.

* The intelligent compositor or the gifted proof-reader will know whether there should have been a ; after Grits or not, and whether whenever should have had a W or a w; for my part I pass, and leave it between the compositor, the proof-reader, and the waste paper basket.

A SWEET REVENGE.

Smack! A sound like the slapping of a slice of beefsteak against a brick wall. But it was not. It was the result of the conjunction of the lips of Helen Courcenay and those of Lionel Polkinhorne. They stood under the gas-lamp at the corner of King and Bloor Streets, where, rising above its surroundings, in all its architectural splendor, stood the ranch of the De Courcenay's. Lionel Polkinhorne was a perfect specimen of the perfect man. Tall and graceful, the figure of an Apollo, or a tailor's dummy, curling flaxen hair that clung closely to his well shaped head, shining blue eyes—a delicate *cicli* blue rather than navy blue, indigo or ultramarine—a voice like that of a god, fair curling moustache and teeth so perfect that they could not have cost less than sixteen dollars. Helen De Courcenay's beauty was such as passeth all description. Figure, form, face, features, and feet like those of Venus or Mrs. Langtry. No other maiden in the city had such a complexion, for she alone knew the drug store where it was made up.

They stood there looking into each other's eyes, and hearing no sound save the beating of

their loving hearts, and the tramp of the policeman walking his beat on the other side of the street. Lionel's left arm was clasped about the waist of Helen, while his right encircled the lamp-post. One of the fair girl's hands was placed above her heart to stay, if possible, the wild throbbing that threatened destruction to whalebone and corset laces, while the other firmly held her bangs, lest they'd be blown off by the wind.

"Helen," said Lionel Polkinhorne, heaving a deep sigh, that tore off a button on the neck of his shirt, and sent it rolling along the sidewalk, "Helen, I fear that thou dost not love me as fully as I would wish. There is that within me which prompts me to say that I have not thy entire love, affection, regard, and respect. Why should I not possess thy entire love? Thou hast mine even unto adoration. It is pure as the crystallized ice that binds our own dear bay in frosty thongs, or the glaciers that hang like nature's mirrors upon the Alpine hills that reach unto the heavens; as burning as the fires of ten million billion Vesuvias, Atnas, and Popocatepetls, or the never-ceasing flames of ten thousand suns; as high as St. James' spire, or Mounts Everett and Kinchin Junga, which rise over 23,000 feet above the level of the sea; as deep as the fathomless blue sea that kisses the cheeks of three continents, or the ruts on King and Yonge streets; as extensive and far-stretching as the rolling prairies that lie between New Orleans and the North pole, San Francisco and Halifax; as illimitable as the sands of the sea, or the rain drops of heaven! That is my love for thee and yet I have not *all* thy love!"

"Oh, Lionel, my heart is breaking!" sobbed Helen.

"Tell me, fair and deceptive one, is there aught else but one that thou lovest?"

"Yes, oh yes!" cried the distressed maiden with a kind of don't-ask-me-to-say-more-or-I'll-faint look.

"Helen, if thou answer'st me not fully and truthfully I die. Yea, I collapse, I wither, I tumble before the breath of Death, who now hovers about me waiting to hear thee speak my fate. If thou lovest another, I die; 'found drowned in a bath tub full of his own tears,' will be the jury's verdict, but it will be suicide on account of love, in love's sweetest way. If thou sayest I alone am the object of thy love I live without a care," spake Lionel Polkinhorne, as he put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it with a let-your-tears-kiss-the-flowers-on-my-grave air and a match.

"Lionel, you ask too much."

"I ask too much? Ah, thou false one! Thou gay, giddy, gushing, giggling, girly, girl! Think'st thou that I can sleep or eat a hearty meal while I feel that another has a spot in thy heart which should be occupied by me alone? I must have thy answer."

"But Lionel, thou art cruel, oh, stars, oh, moon, look pityingly down—"

"Stars and moon, say'st thou? Hidden and unperceivable are they, for 'tis cloudy" interrupted Lionel, with a now-I-have-the-on-the-hip chuckle. "I ask thee, girl, once for all and going-going-third-and-last-time: Is there in this world aught else but me that thou love'st?"

"Yes, oh yes, oh yes!"

"Name it, I command thee!"

"Caramels and gum drops!"

C. M. R.

TEMPERANCE ACTS AND ACTIONS.

AN ESSAY.

BY G. WILLIAMS, JR.

It is a fact generally understood that there are more ways of choking a dog than sticking your finger down its throat; luckily so, as the dog might object, and place an injunction on our proceeding any further in your action by simply closing his jaws. Yet this is the mild